

Nellie Kept On Smiling - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

NELLIE KEPT ON SMILING.

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Words by Hugh Morton. Music by Gustave Kerker.

'Way down where I live, on McGonigle's block,
There's always the devil to pay;
The boys and the girls they have all gone insane,
And they're cussin' and fightin' all day.
And the cause for their ripping' and swearin'
Is a girl only sixteen years old;
Der name is Nellie O'Malley,
And her hair is as shining as gold.
Oh, Nellie keeps on smiling
Just as she smiled before;
With the same little smile that charmed you
When she was three or four.
A smile like the flicker of sunshine
On a rose that the breezes stir,
And all the poor boys on McGonigle's block
Are breaking their hearts for her.

There's always a fight on McGonigle's block,
And Nellie's the cause of it all;
She smiles to the right and she smiles to the left,
She smiles on the short and the tall.
The barber he slugged the policeman
For winkin' at Nellie one day;
The cop clubbed the head off the barber,
And the ambulance took him away;
And Nellie kept on smiling
Just as she smiled before;
Just as she smiled when the postman
Was licked in Rafferty's store.
If Nellie should speak to the plumber,
You'd never know what might occur,
For all the poor boys on McGonigle's block
Are breaking their hearts for her.

In every saloon on McGonigle's block,
Sweet Nellie's the toast that they give;
But if any man says he's solid with her,
He isn't permitted to live.
Young Dinkelspeil fights with Maguire,
In the sawdust around they roll;
O'Brien swipes Burke with a bottle,
Then they call the Police Patrol;
And Nellie keeps on smiling
Just as she did before,
She can hear the gong on the wagon
Go banging by her door:
It tells her that, down on the corner,
Her name has created a stir:
And all the poor boys on McGonigle's block
Are breaking their hearts for her.

The butcher boy, down on McGonigle's block,
He tried a most desperate game;
He told the policeman that Nellie agreed
To share his week's wages and name.
The butcher boy now is no longer
The butcher boy on that block;
Perhaps he was struck by a trolley,
Or perhaps he fell off the dock;
And Nellie keeps on smiling
Just as she smiled before;
The boys all come out of the beer shop
When she trips by the door.

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There's the wonderful glimpse of an ankle,
As she gives her skirts a slur;
And all the poor boys on McGonigle's block
Are breaking their beans for her.